

Steve Harrington

It's so hard being a single mom
when you have no kids and are a
male teenager

Yeah, it's me

It's like you're a part of

Steve

promised to keep you
all heads still

and that's exactly what
I'm on doing

karat

It is a Scientifically Proven Fact that once a
group of people become friends, the tendency
to make really foolish decisions disappears...
and from this chaos... the Teen Friend™ class,
created by the National Association of Teen Friends, Inc. (NATFI)

Crime and Punishment by **ThatWasDumbButThat'sOkay**

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan B., Nancy W., OC, Steve H.

Pairings: Steve H./OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-12-10 05:55:35

Updated: 2017-12-27 15:54:08

Packaged: 2019-12-17 03:21:53

Rating: K

Chapters: 4

Words: 3,667

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Post Season 2, barely any spoilers. Katherine's a bit of a bookworm and one day when she's in the library Steve Harrington attempts to engage her in a conversation about a book he's clearly never read, because he's crushing on her and all other attempts of striking up conversation have flown right over her oblivious head. Fluffy and short. Features awkward!Steve (you're welcome).

1. Part 1

A/N: This was originally posted on my tumblr (in second person, but as ffn doesn't allow this I turned the reader into Kat, an OC), but I saw how little there was about my bby Steve Harrington here so thought I'd try to contribute. I hope you enjoy!

(let me know if you see anything still written in second person narrative, I did my best but I may have missed something).

"So..."

Katherine raises one eyebrow, looking over at Steve Harrington, who had just sat himself down in the vacant chair next to hers. "So...?"

While mostly confused by his presence – they weren't really friends, more friendly acquaintances – she was also a little annoyed. Some days she just wasn't in the mood to socialise, so she'd hang out in the library during lunch, often reading and rarely doing any work. Her friends were used to this by now and simply didn't question it on the days she didn't turn up in the cafeteria.

"What're you reading?" Steve seemed as confused as Katherine was when he spoke – clearly, he hadn't known what he was going to say until he'd already said it. Smiling a little, amused, Kat flips her book closed so that he can see the title on the front, keeping one finger in to hold her page.

He squints and leans a little closer to her to read it, though she knows damn well there's nothing wrong with his eyesight.

"*Crime and Punishment*. I've read that!" He grins at her and, though she highly doubts it given what she knows about him, she plays along because he has a nice smile and he's honestly not that bad a person.

"Oh, yeah? I wouldn't have taken you as a big reader, Harrington." She smiles and just knows that both of them are thinking back to that project they'd done together a couple of months ago. She'd thought the work was hard but, *goddamn*, forcing Steve to focus and read

more than two lines of text at a time should be an Olympic-level sport.

Bringing his hand up to cup the back of his neck, Steve smiles, looking a little bashful. "Yeah, well... When it's something I'm interested in..." He shrugs, and she still only half believes him, but his ridiculously floppy hair and awkward manner (so different to the Steve who used to hang out with Tommy and Carol) are endearing so instead of calling him out, she smiles, folding over the corner of her page and putting the book down on the table.

"How did you find it?" He looks a little confused, and it's only then that Kat realises he'd been grinning widely at the closed book, obviously taking it as some big achievement that she'd shifted her attention to him. "The book, I mean. Did you think it was any good? I'm not too far in so no spoilers, okay?" She pokes him in the arm and tries to give him her best intimidating look.

"Oh, well, I mean... It was pretty good. I don't wanna say too much, y'know, if you haven't read that much."

Nodding her head, Kat raises her eyebrows, trying not to laugh at how entirely unconvincing he is.

They talk a little more, veering away from *Crime and Punishment* to the topic of books in general, and Katherine finds that she's pleasantly surprised by how insightful Steve can be when he's actually read the book in question. She'd known he was smart (they'd got a B+ on their partnered project), but it was nice to see it in a context where she didn't want to smack him over the head with a textbook because he wouldn't concentrate.

The bell rings not long after and they head their respective ways, Steve nearly walking into the library's doorframe because he was so focused on Katherine's in-depth description of *The Great Gatsby*, a book he openly admitted to never reading.

Kat finds that she still has a small smile on her face when Jonathan sits next to her in Biology and vaguely shrugs off his questions when he asks what has her so happy, because, honestly, she's not quite sure she understands that herself yet.

There are at least four more parts, three of which will be posted shortly.

I do take requests, for both headcanons and imagines/oneshots over on my tumblr (daryldamnson), but it's fine if anyone wants to send them in here too.

2. Part 2

A/N: This was originally posted on my tumblr (in second person, but as ffn doesn't allow this I turned the reader into Kat, an OC), but I saw how little there was about my bby Steve Harrington here so thought I'd try to contribute. I hope you enjoy!

(let me know if you see anything still written in second person narrative, I did my best but I may have missed something).

The minute school lets out that same day Steve Harrington makes his way straight back to the library. He scans through all the fiction books, vaguely remembering that the author's last name began with a 'D', but soon becomes frustrated when he can't find the book he wants. After grasping the attention of the librarian, he asks if the library holds a copy of *Crime and Punishment*.

"Oh, no, dear, I'm sorry." She shakes her head, watching the boy's shoulders drop in defeat. "We don't have any Dostoyevsky - it's a shame."

Sighing, Steve thanks her and leaves, quickly reaching his car. He spends the drive home with a focused frown on his face, trying to come up with a way to find a copy of the book. He'd known it was a dumb idea the second he'd told Kat that he'd read it - he'd never even heard of the damn thing, much less read it - but he couldn't seem to help himself when it came to her. He just really wanted to impress her. And none of his other attempts seemed to work.

He'd always thought she was pretty. Beautiful, even. And when they'd been paired up for that assignment in History he felt like the world was paying him back for all the shit it'd dumped on him in the last two years. And suddenly his fleeting thoughts of how attractive she looked in that purple sweater or how nice her hair looked when it was curled became distant memories, because she was no longer just the pretty girl from History, she was Katherine; gorgeous, funny, smart, witty and completely in the dark about his feelings for her.

So now when he saw her in that purple sweater, it took everything in

him not to stare, and when she curled her hair he'd often sit on his hands for fear that they'd reach out to find out if it was as soft as he thought it was.

Steve was pretty certain that she was oblivious to his pining (not that he'd ever admit to anybody *ever* that what he was doing was pining); he'd spent the best part of them working together on the project flirting with her and she never really seemed to notice. On the bright side his constant chatter meant that she would often sit close to him so that, whenever Kat deemed he wasn't concentrating as much as he should be, she could reach over and show him what he was supposed to be doing. This proximity meant he had her scent ingrained into his brain - both her perfume and the smell of her hair - and it could often be the reason he was so distracted in the first place.

He turns left onto a familiar winding road and is suddenly hit with inspiration.

Nancy!

She probably had the book - she had a bunch of them piled on top of the shelves in her room. Maybe this way he didn't have to try to read an entire novel in one night - she could just tell him what happens and give him her thoughts about it. And then tomorrow he could impress Kat with his knowledge *and* get a full night's sleep tonight.

He quickly turns his car around and heads to the Wheeler household, pleading with any deity he can think of that she'll be able to help him.

Nancy is certainly confused when he asks about a book, and a little concerned by just how desperate he looks, but lets him inside with a nod.

"Yeah, I think I've got a copy - I never actually got around to reading it though, why?"

New plan officially thrown out of the window, Steve mentally prepares himself for an all-nighter.

"Oh, I just... Thought I'd give it a shot?" One glance at Nancy's face

confirms that he wasn't being very convincing at all.

"Look, I..." Awkwardly shifting from one foot to another he explains to her that he *may* be doing it to impress a girl. Nancy tries to hide her relief, but he still sees it in her eyes. She'd been worried about him - he took their break up hard, and she knew that she was to blame for that, so she was just *really* glad he was finally moving on.

After some interrogation - during which he refused to give up her name - Steve sets off home, hardback book in hand and coffee in mind.

It was going to be a long night. But she was worth it.

I do take requests, for both headcanons and imagines/oneshots over on my tumblr (daryldamnson), but it's fine if anyone wants to send them in here too.

3. Part 3

A/N: This was originally posted on my tumblr (in second person, but as ffn doesn't allow this I turned the reader into Kat, an OC), but I saw how little there was about my bby Steve Harrington here so thought I'd try to contribute. I hope you enjoy!

(let me know if you see anything still written in second person narrative, I did my best but I may have missed something).

The next morning, Katherine saw Steve in passing in the hallway. She had to do a double-take; he looked like *shit*. He didn't even seem to notice her, he was too deep in thought, so she left him to it.

It wasn't until lunchtime that she saw him again. She was sat with her friends in the cafeteria when he came in looking a little worse for wear, eyes searching the room and stopping on her. Katherine gives him a small smile, which he returns tenfold, striding over to her table.

Her eyes widen a little in shock – *what the hell was he doing?*

Kat hears her friend squeal quietly as she elbows her gently in the stomach, alerting everyone at the table to the approaching boy.

"What the hell is *Steve Harrington* doing walking towards us?"

While he may no longer be 'King Steve: The It Guy of the School', Steve was still pretty popular, and while Kat's friend group wasn't *unpopular*, it was definitely weird for him to just walk over and engage her in conversation. Which is exactly what he did.

Leaning his hip casually against the table, he nods in greeting at everyone else before turning his attention to her. "Hey, Katherine... So, I thought maybe we could sit together? Today? For lunch?" Whilst he started off sounding confident, she had to refrain a giggle as he nervously rubbed the back of his neck.

Kat could hear her friends exchanging quiet squeals of excitement

and confused questions behind her, and Steve shot them a quick smile and wink as he seemed to gain some of his confidence back.

Smiling slightly as Steve turned back to her, she picks her bag up from the floor, throwing her friends a quick "see you later, guys" as she stands and follows Steve to a table in a quieter corner of the cafeteria.

A smoother person would've played it a little more hard-to-get, but, hell, how often did this kind of thing happen? Never before to her. She'd had boyfriends, obviously, and other guys who had been interested, but *Steve Harrington* actually putting in the effort to make conversation with her? Sit with her? She wasn't gonna say no to that.

Kat had figured that yesterday was a fluke – she'd simply caught his eye in the library because he was bored or alone, but now? Now he seemed... Genuinely interested. Her heart fluttered at the thought.

"So..." She started, mocking him from yesterday as she sat down across from him. "You look like shit," honesty is the best policy, right? "What's up with you?"

Steve shrugs, muttering something about not sleeping enough. He certainly wasn't going to admit to her that he hadn't slept because he was so busy reading Nancy's copy of *Crime and Punishment*, just like he wasn't going to admit that he'd searched all around the library for her before coming to find her in the cafeteria.

She can tell he isn't letting her in on the whole story, but she's not one to pry so she lets it be.

"Well," Katherine starts, throwing a smile in his direction. "Exhaustion looks good on you, Harrington." She watches as his eyes light up at her compliment as he smiles widely. It was cute (not a word she'd ever thought she'd associate with King Steve but here she was) .

"Thanks! It, uh... I bet it'd look just as good... On you..." He trails off at the end, his face cringing in embarrassment.

This time she couldn't hold it back; she burst into laughter, drawing a little attention from some of the tables around them, even more so

when Steve joins in, resting his head in his hand in shame.

"Sorry, I -" Katherine cuts herself off with a giggle, unable to help herself.

"No, I'm sorry - I swear, I *swear* I'm usually so much smoother than that."

At this her heart skips a beat and she looks over at him, biting her lip to quell her smile. "Oh, yeah? Is that... What you're trying to be? *Smooth?*"

Kat can't help but tease him as she leans forward over the table, causing him to mimic her actions. "Because guess what?" She lowers her voice, looking around as if she were trying to keep something a secret. "You're not doing a very good job."

She starts to giggle and he's quick to join her with a deep chuckle at his own expense. It's only when she looks up at him that she notices that neither of them have pulled away, leaving them so close that she can see every small detail of his face. Including the fact that his eyes flicker down to glance at her lips.

Instinctively she darts her tongue out to lick her lips, which only serves to attract Steve's attention to them once more.

Just as she sees Steve begin to move towards her, the cafeteria doors bang open and a group of loud students walk in, the loud noise making both Kat and Steve jump away from each other. She looks down, coughing awkwardly as Steve rubs the back of his neck in a way that Kat is quickly learning means he's nervous. *Cute*.

She glances up at him at the same time he does and both of them smile, a little embarrassed.

"So..."

I do take requests, for both headcanons and imagines/oneshots over on my tumblr (daryldamnson), but it's fine if anyone wants to send them in here too.

Also, thank you to everyone who read, faved and followed; but a special thanks to *S* and *wickedgrl123* for the reviews!

4. Part 4

A/N: This was originally posted on my tumblr (in second person, but as ffn doesn't allow this I turned the reader into Kat, an OC), but I saw how little there was about my bby Steve Harrington here so thought I'd try to contribute. I hope you enjoy!

(let me know if you see anything still written in second person narrative, I did my best but I may have missed something).

They'd gotten over the awkward almost-kiss - *was that what it was?* - fairly quickly and were laughing once more. This time at Steve's pronunciation of Raskolnikov; the main character in *Crime and Punishment*. Katherine had to admit that she was quite shocked when he decided to broach the topic again after his clear lack of knowledge the day before, but he seemed to know exactly what he was talking about today. Maybe yesterday she just hadn't given him a chance to show how well he knew the book?

It didn't matter, because he may know the book, but he certainly didn't know how to pronounce any of the characters' names, which was quite the source of humour for Kat. He also admits to her that he can't really differentiate between the characters' names - "Especially the main guy and his best friend, I mean, *come on*, they both start with 'R', was that really necessary?". She finds herself giggling more at his exasperated expression than anything else. *Cute*.

There's that damn word again.

"Okay, okay, I want you to tell me one thing, okay?"

She's fairly certain she hears him mumble "anything" but when he just looks at her expectantly she brushes it off - it is a crowded cafeteria, after all.

"Does he get away with it? Murdering the pawnbroker?"

Kat watches as he thinks it over, wondering why he needs to do that.

"Kind of."

'Kind of'? What the fuck sort of answer is 'kind of'?

"What the hell does that mean?"

Steve chuckles slightly at her reaction. "It means... Kind of. I can't say much more unless you want major spoilers."

Steve watches her as she contemplates, his eyes light and his smile gentle.

"Give me major spoilers." She knew straight away that that was going to be her choice – she'd always loved spoilers.

"He gets away with it." Kat's eyes widen in shock and she bites her lip in expectation, knowing that there must be more coming. "But then..."

"*Steve!*" She urges him on when he pauses for dramatic effect.

"Okay, okay! He *does* get away with it, but then the guilt eats up at him and he ends up confessing to the police after his girlfriend convinces him to."

"No! Oh my god, that's -" She suddenly processes something he said. "Wait - girlfriend? When does he get a girlfriend?"

Steve lets out a small 'oops', obviously not having meant to slip on that.

"Okay, okay, stop talking!" Kat waves her hands in front of herself slightly as if that will stop anymore words coming out of his mouth. "I don't wanna know any more!"

She drops her hands back onto the table, realising a second too late that Steve had shifted in his seat and moved his hands, causing their fingers to touch.

There's a moment of silence as they both smile, a little embarrassed, but it's broken by the shrill sound of the end of lunch bell. As she pulls her hand away slowly, Katherine glances over her shoulder to

see her friends stood waiting a few tables down, not so inconspicuously staring and giggling.

"I, um... I should probably go." She nods her head in their direction and his smile drops slightly, but he nods.

"Yeah, sure, I'll..." He hesitates, drumming his fingers on the table and she just knows it's to stop himself rubbing the back of his neck in that adorable nervous way. *So cute.* "...see you later?"

"Yeah, I... I hope so," she agrees, in what she hopes is a smooth manner, as she stands and heads over to her friends. Glancing back at Steve, Kat finds him staring, before he notices her and snaps back to reality, averting his gaze.

Definitely cute.

Later that day Katherine bumps into Nancy Wheeler, who pulls her into conversation, which she supposes isn't *that* weird, considering she vaguely knows her through Jonathan, but she certainly wouldn't call it an everyday occurrence.

"Hey, Katherine, I saw you talking to Steve at lunch - is he reading the book already?"

"I'm sorry?"

Frowning at Nancy, Katherine's confusion is obvious.

"*Crime and Punishment*," she explains. "He borrowed the book off me last night?" Nancy's voice trails off into a question as Kat stares at her in bewilderment.

"Steve only read the book last night?"

At Kat's clearly shocked expression, Nancy realises she's fucked up, and hopes that it won't affect Steve's chances with her.

"Oh, shit, did I say something I shouldn't have?"

"No, no," Katherine answers quickly, shaking her head, a small,

confused frown marring her forehead. "Listen, um, I've gotta go, I-I'll see you around." Rushing off, she has only one thought buzzing through her mind.

Steve Harrington read a whole novel in one night, possibly just to have a conversation with me?

I do take requests, for both headcanons and imagines/oneshots over on my tumblr (daryldamnson), but it's fine if anyone wants to send them in here too.

I tried to upload this yesterday (multiple times) but ffn wasn't playing nice; sorry guys!

Also, thank you to everyone who read, faved and followed; but a special thanks to *ILoveThee* and *harleyquinn87* for the reviews!